MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 85

10¢

K

ID

WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU NOW, CLEOPATRA!

LIQUID ASBESTOS

I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU!!! I DIDN'T DO IT!

THE TORCH IS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHO HUNG NATHAN HALE! BUT THE TORCH AIN'T GONNA TELL ANYONE! *PUSH 'IM IN!*

IF ONLY TORO WILL BE IN TIME!

SUSPENSE AND DANGER FOLLOW THE TORCH AND TORO AS THEY TACKLE THE CASE OF THE "MURDERS FROM THE PAST!"

latest style from Hollywood

Bonnie-Gaye
Famous
CALIFORNIA STYLES
side drape
gabardine only $14.95
Young round neckline. Stunning nail-head belt has double buckles (one on each side). It's a dress to wear year 'round. Colors: Gold, Brown, Gray, Green, Aqua and Beige. Sizes 12 to 20.

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MURDER MOST FOUL! THE ROLL OF HISTORY TELLS OF MANY GREAT MEN BROUGHT TO UNTIMELY DEATHS! BUT WHEN HISTORY STARTS TO REPEAT ITS BLOODY PAGES UPON THEIR LIVING NAMESAKES, THEN THOSE TWO TORRID CRIME FIGHTERS, **TORCH AND TORO**, MUST FIND A FLAMING ANSWER TO THE VIOLENCE OF...

"MURDERS FROM THE PAST!"

Even TORCH AND TORO HAVE THEIR MOMENTS OF QUIET AND REST. THE TROUBLE IS, THE MOMENTS DON'T LAST VERY LONG...
SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR! I'LL GET IT, TORCH!
I NEED YOUR HELP— IMMEDIATELY! YOU MUST NOT REFUSE ME!
COME RIGHT IN!
THIS IS TORCH...
THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! A FRIEND CALLED ME! HE IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER!
HIS NAME IS NATHAN HALE! HE'S AFRAID HE'LL DIE BY HANGING, JUST LIKE HIS NAMESAKE, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN PATRIOT!
HE SOUNDS LIKE A CASE FOR A PSYCHIATRIST! WHY DOESN'T HE CALL THE POLICE?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S RECEIVED THREATS JUST LIKE ALL OF US! THE POLICE LAUGH AND SAY THEY'RE CRANK NOTES! BUT TONIGHT HE CALLED TO SAY SOMEONE WAS LURKING AROUND HIS HOUSE!
HE LIVES AT 44 REGENT PLACE! GO THERE, QUICKLY. I'LL FOLLOW AS SOON AS I CAN! PLEASE!
THIS IS PROBABLY A WILD GOOSE CHASE! BUT I'M CONVINCED YOUR FEAR IS GENUINE!
1
SOON...
I NEVER COULD REFUSE A LADY! WE'RE ON OUR WAY, TORO!
2

LOOK, TORCH...
WE'RE TOO LATE, TORO!
HE'S DEAD, BY HANGING!
JUST AS THE GIRL FEARED!
MAYBE SHE KNEW IT! MAYBE SHE PLANNED THE JOB! STAY HERE AND SEE IF SHE SHOWS UP, TORO! I'LL LOOK AROUND THE HOUSE!
NATHAN HALE'S BODY WAS STILL WARM, SO THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THE KILLER IS STILL CLOSE BY!
Meanwhile...
LET'S GO, BOYS! LINCOLN IS NEXT!
O.K., TURTLE!
WHAT ARE YOU CHARACTERS UP TO?
HOLD IT! THE TORCH!
3

BULLETS... HA... USELESS AGAINST MY FLAMES!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST LIE DOWN AND GIVE UP QUIETLY!
SO BULLETS CAN'T PIERCE HIS SHIELD OF FLAME, EH? BUT THE TURTLE DOES NOT ADMIT DEFEAT SO EASILY! HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL STOP HIM!
THE LAWN SPRINKLERS! HA-HA! WATER IS THE BEST ANTIDOTE FOR FIRE!
PRETTY CLEVER, TURTLE! BUT WHAT'S THE ANTIDOTE FOR A GOOD PUNCH IN THE JAW?
THIS!
OHHHHHH!
4

SO MUCH FOR HIM! BUT THERE'S STILL WORK TO BE DONE!
TURTLE, YOU'RE A GENIUS! I NEVER THOUGHT ANYONE COULD BEAT THE TORCH!

ORDINARY CRIMINALS LOSE THEIR HEADS IN A CRISIS! THEY TRY TO MOVE TOO FAST! SLOW BUT SURE IS THE WAY TO GET THINGS DONE!
JUST LIKE A TURTLE, EH, TURTLE?

THAT'S FUNNY! TORCH SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW! I WONDER IF...

DON'T BE SO CURIOUS, LITTLE MAN! YOU MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE!

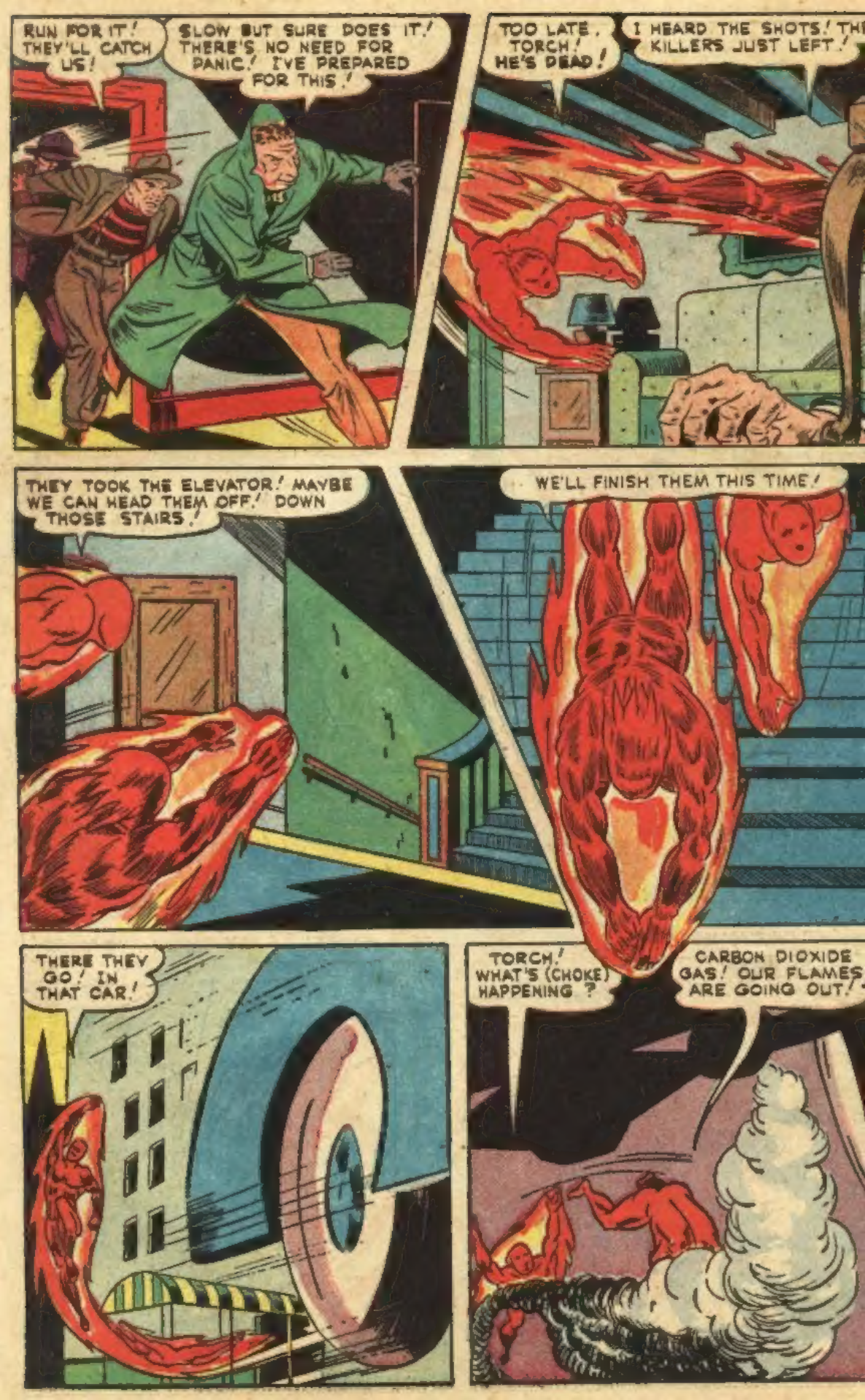
Minutes later...
OWW! MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A CAPSIZED BALLOON! I'D LIKE TO FIND WHOEVER SOCKED ME!
TORO, IS ANYTHING WRONG?

PLENTY! NATHAN HALE WAS HUNG BY THE NECK UNTIL HE WAS VERY VERY DEAD! HE'S OVER THERE!
WHERE? I DON'T SEE HIM!

HE'S GONE! WHOEVER DEALT ME THAT CRACK ON THE HEAD KIDNAPED HIS BODY!
HOW HORRIBLE!
5

YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF QUESTIONS TO ANSWER! HOW DID YOU KNOW HALE WAS GOING TO DIE? HOW COME YOU ARRIVED JUST AFTER I WAS SLUGGED? WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
MY NAME IS CLEOPATRA!
THAT DOES IT! WE'LL FIND TORCH, AND SEE IF HE ENJOYS YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES!
BUT-BUT MY NAME REALLY IS CLEOPATRA
TELL IT TO THE MARINES, SISTER! I STOPPED BELIEVING IN FAIRY TALES WHEN I... TORCH!
THAT'S A NASTY-LOOKING BULLET CREASE ON HIS HEAD! IT NEARLY FINISHED HIM!
WHO DID IT?
THAT'S ANOTHER QUESTION I WANT ANSWERED, MISS CLEOPATRA! AS SOON AS TORCH FEELS BETTER, WE'LL TAKE A TRIP DOWN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
HELLO, KID! I'M OKAY!
SOON, AT A POLICE PRECINCT STATION...
I NEVER HEARD SUCH A CRAZY STORY! A DISAPPEARING BODY, A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE A TURTLE, AN UNKNOWN GUY WHO SLUGGED TORCH HERE, AND NOW A GAL WHO CLAIMS TO BE CLEOPATRA!
MY NAME IS CLEOPATRA, SERGEANT!
I BELONG TO A GROUP CALLED THE FAMOUS NAMES CLUB! IT'S MADE UP OF PEOPLE WHOSE NAMES ARE JUST LIKE THOSE OF FAMOUS PEOPLE! THAT'S HOW I KNEW NATHAN HALE! HE WAS A MEMBER TOO!
6

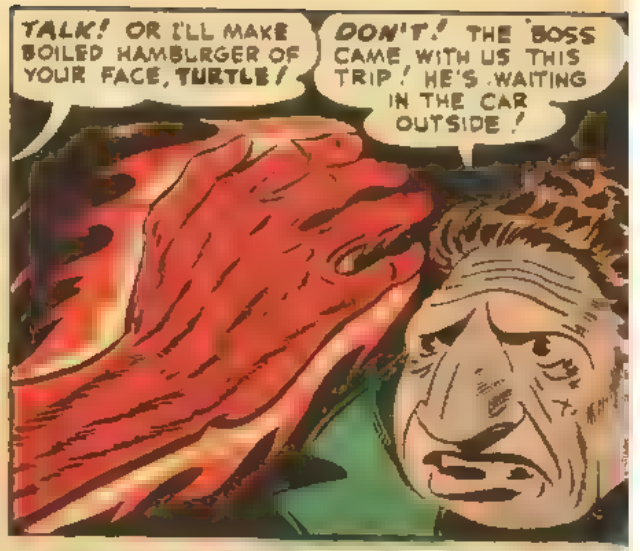
THEN...
HELLO! WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? OH, ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE PRACTICAL JOKERS!
A GUY CLAIMS HE'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THAT SOMEBODY'S GOING TO SHOOT HIM! SAYS HE SAW A PROWLER NEAR HIS HOUSE!
HE'S NOT JOKING! ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS A MEMBER OF OUR CLUB!
HE LIVES AT THE CRESTVIEW ARMS! HURRY, PLEASE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
BOL
THIS TIME WE KNOW CLEOPATRA COULDN'T BE THE MURDERESS! THE INTENDED VICTIM IS STILL ALIVE!
HE'LL STAY ALIVE IF WE HURRY!
But AT THIS MOMENT...
LINCOLN, YOUR HOUR HAS COME!
NO!
"NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES"—UNQUOTE! HA! HA!
TURTLE! IT'S TORCH AND TORO! THEY'RE BACK AGAIN!
7

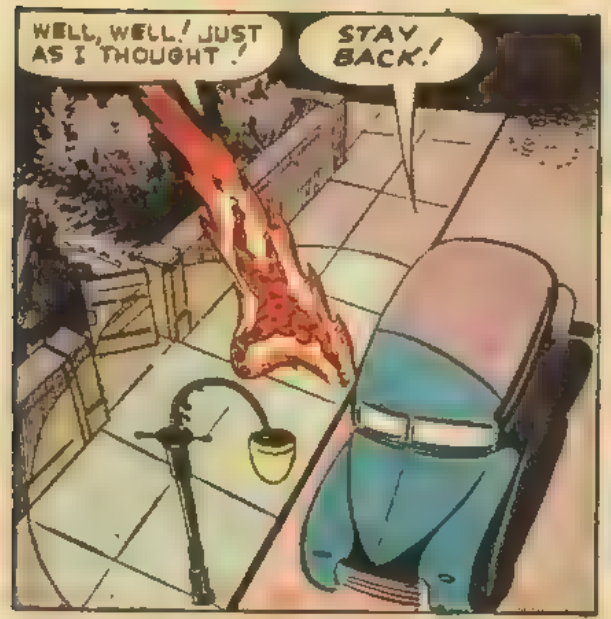

RUN FOR IT! THEY'LL CATCH US!
SLOW BUT SURE DOES IT! THERE'S NO NEED FOR PANIC! I'VE PREPARED FOR THIS!
TOO LATE, TORCH! HE'S DEAD!
I HEARD THE SHOTS! THE KILLERS JUST LEFT!
THEY TOOK THE ELEVATOR! MAYBE WE CAN HEAD THEM OFF! DOWN THOSE STAIRS!
WE'LL FINISH THEM THIS TIME!
THERE THEY GO! IN THAT CAR!
TORCH! WHAT'S (CHOKE) HAPPENING?
CARBON DIOXIDE GAS! OUR FLAMES ARE GOING OUT!

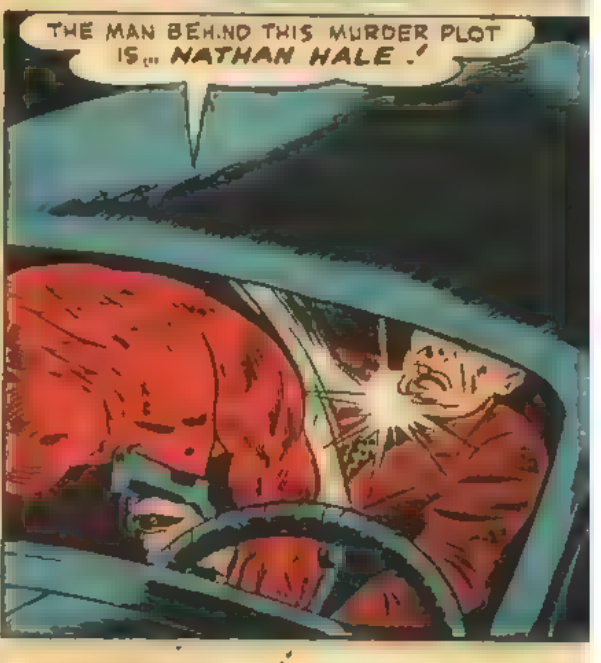
CARBON DIOX DE SMOTHERS FLAME ' (GASP) I-I CAN'T BREATHE '
THEY DED OF SUFFOCAT ON ' NOW I KNOW WHAT YOU MEANT, SAYING YOU WERE PREPARED FOR THEM !
THE TURTLE OVERLOOKS NOTHING ! SLOW BUT SURE, I ALWAYS SAY ! NOW WE'LL GET RID OF THEIR BODIES !
HEAVILY WEIGHTED, TORCH AND TORO ARE DROPPED INTO A WATERY GRAVE !
But, THE COLD WATER REVIVES TORCH, AND...
NO ONE W LL EVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM '
NOW WE CAN COMPLETE OUR PLANS UNMOLESTED !
I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE UNLESS I GET OFF THESE WEIGHTS '
I CAN CUT THE ROPE STRANDS AGAINST THIS PILING NAIL ', BUT I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST '
I'M FREE ! NOW TO FREE TORO ! THERE'S A CHANCE HE'S STILL ALIVE '
9

LUNGS BURSTING, TORCH AT LAST REGAINS THE SURFACE!
WHEW! NEVER THOUGHT I'D BREATHE FRESH AIR AGAIN!
ANXIOUS MOMENTS LATER..
TORO'S GOING TO PULL THROUGH! BUT HE HA A CLOSE CALL! SEEMS LIKE I'VE PUMPED ENOUG WATER OUT OF HIM TO FLOAT A SHIP!
THEN...
WE'RE TAKING TURNS SAVING EACH OTHER'S LIFE, TORCH! WHERE TO NOW?
BACK TO THE POLICE STATION— AND CLEOPATRA!
TORCH! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! WHAT HAPPENED?
WE COULDN'T SAVE YOUR FRIEND LINCOLN! HE WAS SHOT TO DEATH!
THAT MAKES TWO MURDERS IN THE FAMOUS NAMES CLUB! I'M CONVINCED THAT THEIR GUNMAN, THE TURTLE, IS ONLY A HIRED ASSASSIN!
THEN NO ONE BUT JULIUS CAESAR OR MYSELF COULD HAVE HIRED HIM! WE'RE THE LAST SURVIVORS!
I CAN GUESS THE KILLER'S MOTIVE! THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE CLUB INHERITS ALL THE MONEY WE'VE INVESTED! WE FORMED AN INVESTMENT CORPORATION WITH EACH MEMBER AS A PRINCIPAL STOCKHOLDER!
THAT'S THE ANSWER!
AND JULIUS CAESAR IS THE MAN WE WANT, EH, TORCH?
10

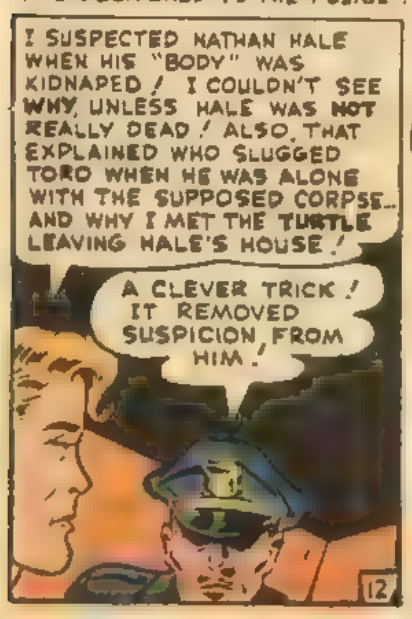
At JULIUS CAESAR'S RESIDENCE...
MR CAESAR WENT FOR A STROLL! YOU MIGHT FIND HIM NEAR THE HALL OF STATUARY! IT'S ONE OF HIS FAVORITE RETREATS!
THANKS!
THE NERVE OF THAT KILLER TAKING A PEACEFUL STROLL AFTER WHAT HE'S DONE!
I'M NOT SO SURE JULIUS CAESAR IS THE MAN WE WANT!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HALL OF STATUARY...
BEWARE, CAESAR! BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH! HA! HA!
W-WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
YOUR DEATH, CAESAR! JUST LIKE CAESAR OF OLD!
H-HO!
THEN!
NO IS RIGHT! WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
THE TORCH! YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE!
I'M ALIVE! AND I'M MAD!
WANT TO TALK?
YES! DON'T BURN US ALIVE!
11

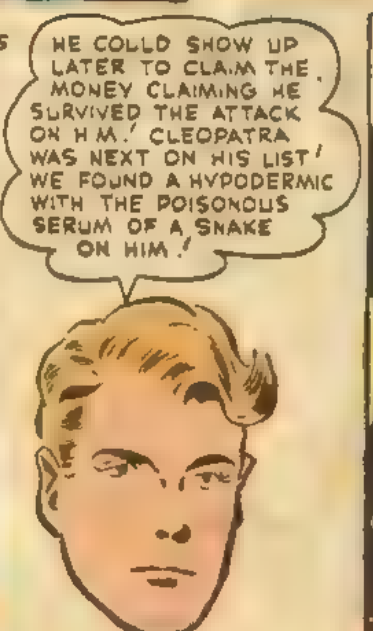


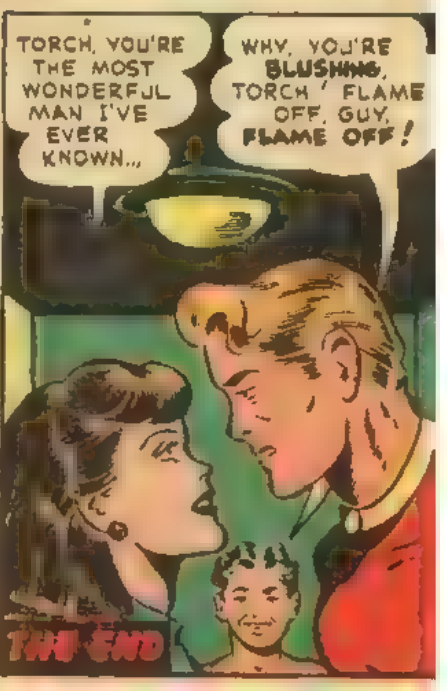




LATER, AFTER THE CONSPIRATORS ARE DELIVERED TO THE POLICE.


I SUSPECTED NATHAN HALE WHEN HIS "BODY" WAS KIDNAPED! I COULDN'T SEE WHY, UNLESS HALE WAS NOT REALLY DEAD! ALSO, THAT EXPLAINED WHO SLUGGED TORO WHEN HE WAS ALONE WITH THE SUPPOSED CORPSE... AND WHY I MET THE TURTLE LEAVING HALE'S HOUSE!
A CLEVER TRICK! IT REMOVED SUSPICION FROM HIM!
12

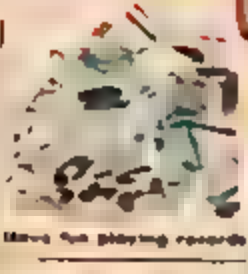

HE COULD SHOW UP LATER TO CLAIM THE MONEY CLAIMING HE SURVIVED THE ATTACK ON H.M.! CLEOPATRA WAS NEXT ON HIS LIST! WE FOUND A HYPODERMIC WITH THE POISONOUS SERUM OF A SNAKE ON HIM!



1,112 PRIZES LIKE THIS IN EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST!

WIN an Admiral RADIO-PHONOGRAPH!

They'll all come to your house!



Hours fun playing records!

Radio phonograph all your own!

YOU can treat Mom and Pop!

1. Combination Radio-Phonograph
2. With Automatic Record Changer!
3. Impressive model! Mfr's. current retail list price for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination is actually $100.
4. Keen looking! Modern walnut veneer cabinet, full
5. Easy on your records! Light tone arm. Precious Jewel Needle.

seconds to change.

JUST PICK A NAME FOR THIS ADMIRAL RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Follow easy contest rules. Think of a name for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph. Write it on a Wheaties boxtop. Mail to Wheaties, Dept. E, Box 8446, Chicago, Ill. Remember, one of these 1112 Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combinations, more than $1,100 worth, is offered in this contest.

Send several entries. Get Mom and Pop to buy Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Write on boxtop with each entry. Entries must be postmarked by midnight Sunday, Dec. 7, 1947 and received by Dec. 29, 1947. Don't miss out. Mail an entry today!

General Mills, Inc.

EASY CONTEST RULES

1. Think of a name for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination. Write it on a Wheaties boxtop or on a plain piece of paper and mail to Wheaties, Dept. E, Box 8446, Chicago, Ill.
2. Contest starts at 12:01 A.M., December 7, 1947 and ends at midnight, December 29, 1947. All entries must be postmarked by midnight December 29, 1947 and received by December 31, 1947.
3. Contest open to all residents of the United States, its territories and possessions, except employees and their families of General Mills, Inc., its advertising agencies and its radio broadcasting stations.
4. Entries become the sole property of General Mills, Inc. and cannot be returned.
5. Prizes will be awarded for the most appropriate name suggested for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Winners will be notified by mail. Prizes will be awarded as soon as possible after the close of the contest.
7. Contest open to all residents of the United States, its territories and possessions, except employees and their families of General Mills, Inc., its advertising agencies and its radio broadcasting stations.

Wheaties, Dept. E
Box 8446, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph

Name _____

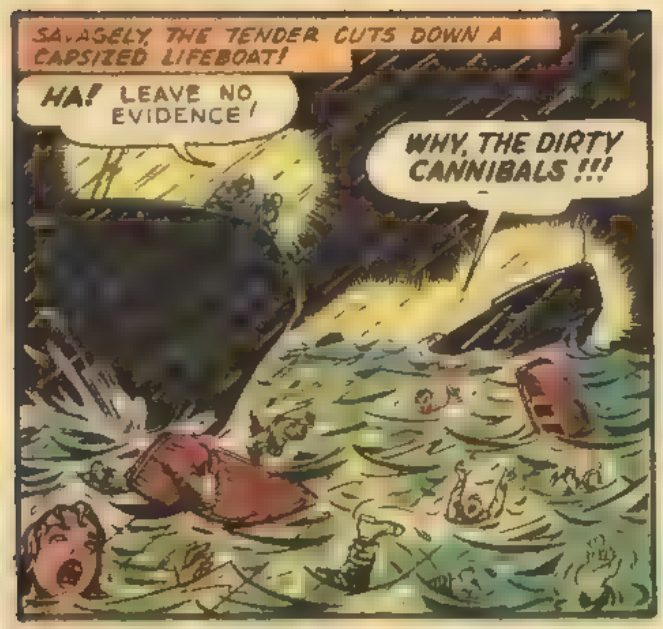
Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

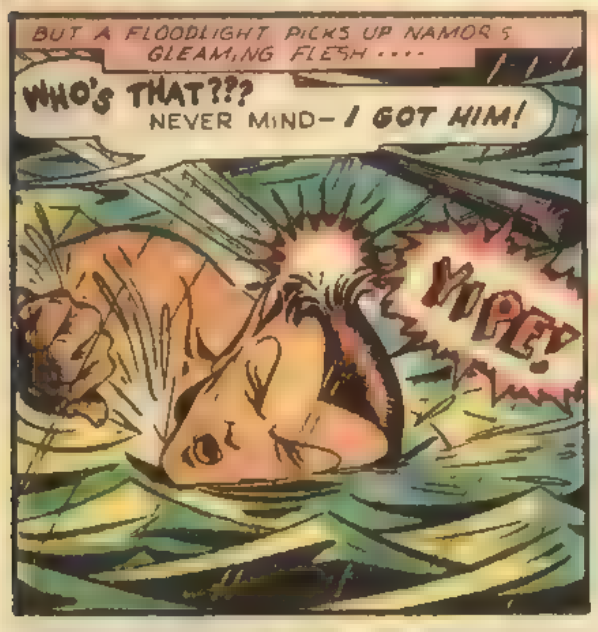
MATCHING WITS WITH A MASTER OF THE DOUBLE-CROSS, SUB-MARINER ATTEMPTS TO STOP A DIABOLICAL PLOT INVOLVING THE THEFT OF A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF PEARLS AND AN IMAGINARY DIAMOND, AND TO THWART...

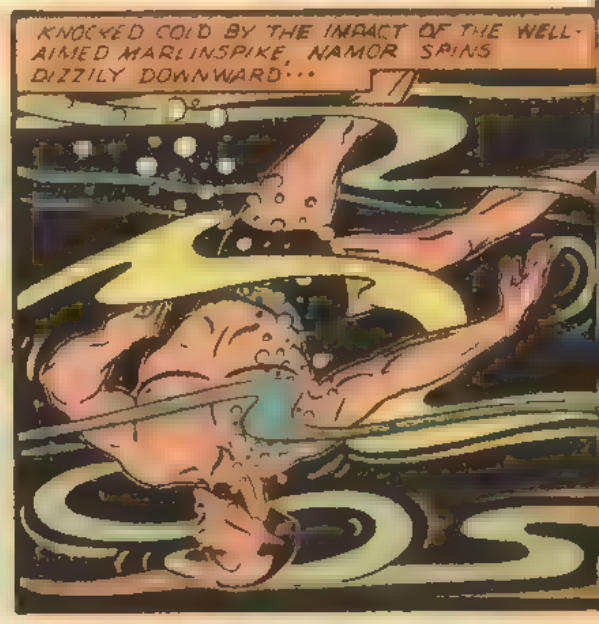
"BLACKBEARD...SCOURGE OF THE SEAS!"

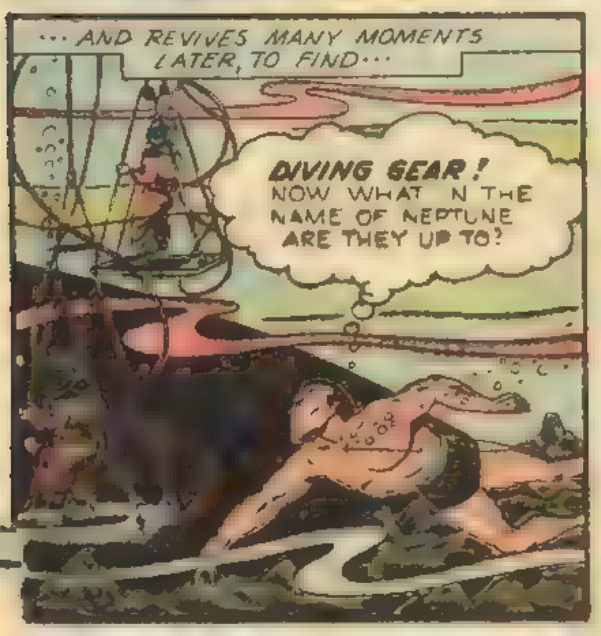
HEADING SOUTH FROM FLORIDA, NAMOR AND NAMURA PUT IN AT A SMALL GROUP OF ISLANDS, TO AVOID A TROPICAL STORM
HELLO? THESE ISLANDS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE UNINHABITED!
HOW ABOUT THAT LIGHTSHIP, NAMOR?
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THERE, BUT— HEY! IT'S MOVING TOWARD THE ROCK SHELF!
LOOK, NAMOR! AN OCEAN LINER RIGHT BEHIND IT! SHE'LL HIT THE ROCKS!
HELP! YEEE-OW!
CRASH!!!
ALL HANDS ON DECK!
BOAT STATIONS!
HELP!
JUMPIN' JONAH! SHE'LL ROLL OFF THE SHELF!!!
COME ON, NAMORA! NO TIME TO LOSE! THAT TENDER'S OUT TO THE RESCUE... MAYBE WE CAN HELP!
BUT THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF US, NAMOR!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HOLD IT! WHAT'S HE SAYING?
REMEMBER, BOYS--- ABSOLUTELY NO SURVIVORS!
GOTCHA BLACKBEARD!
2

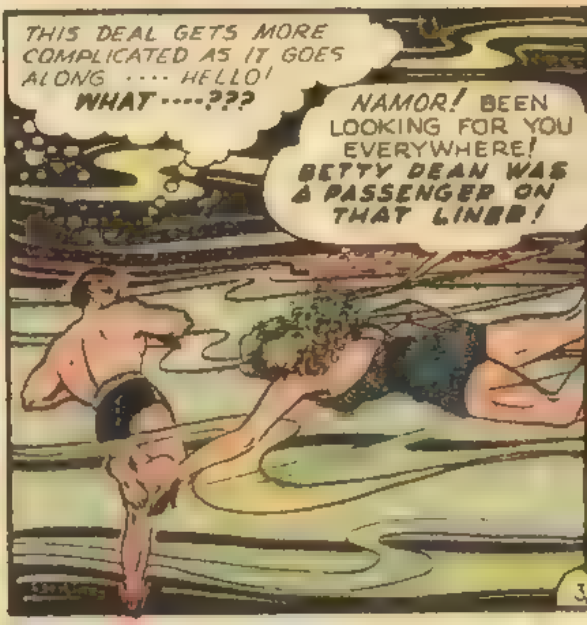

SAVAGELY, THE TENDER CUTS DOWN A CAPSIZED LIFEBOAT!
HA! LEAVE NO EVIDENCE!
WHY, THE DIRTY CANNIBALS !!!

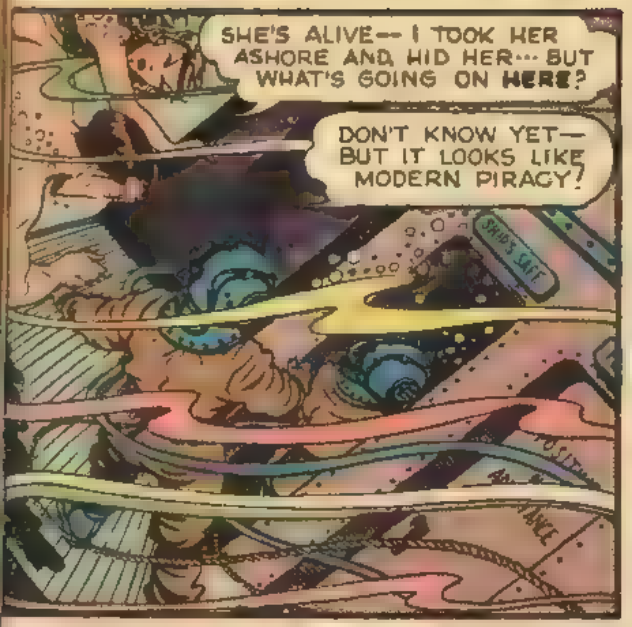
NAMORA! GET BUSY AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT SOME OF THESE PEOPLE--- I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF A WEE PIECE OF RETRIBUTION!
RIGHT — MEET YOU LATER!


BUT A FLOODLIGHT PICKS UP NAMOR'S GLEAMING FLESH ····
WHO'S THAT??? NEVER MIND— I GOT HIM!
YIPEE!


KNOCKED COLD BY THE IMPACT OF THE WELL-AIMED MARLINSPIKE, NAMOR SPINS DIZZILY DOWNWARD···


··· AND REVIVES MANY MOMENTS LATER, TO FIND···
DIVING GEAR! NOW WHAT IN THE NAME OF NEPTUNE ARE THEY UP TO?

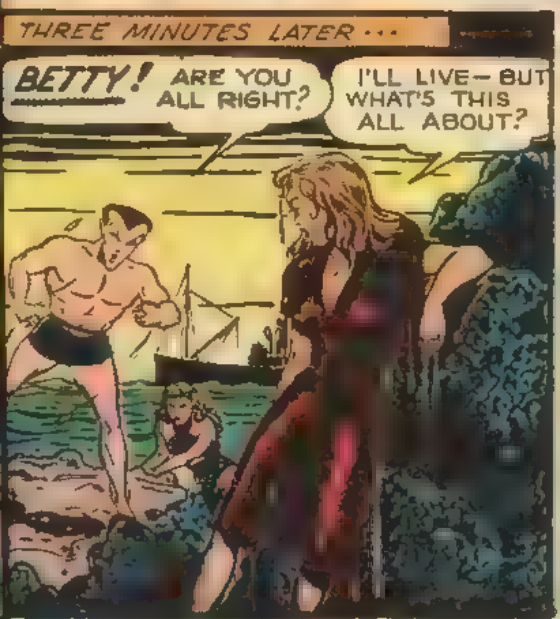

THIS DEAL GETS MORE COMPLICATED AS IT GOES ALONG ···· HELLO! WHAT ····???
NAMOR! BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE! BETTY DEAN WAS A PASSENGER ON THAT LINER!


SHE'S ALIVE— I TOOK HER ASHORE AND HID HER··· BUT WHAT'S GOING ON **HERE**?
DON'T KNOW YET— BUT IT LOOKS LIKE MODERN PIRACY!

WONDER WHAT STRANGE TRICK OF FATE PUT BETTY ON THIS SHIP? ***OH-OH!*** THEY'RE GOING UP! LET'S FOLLOW 'EM!

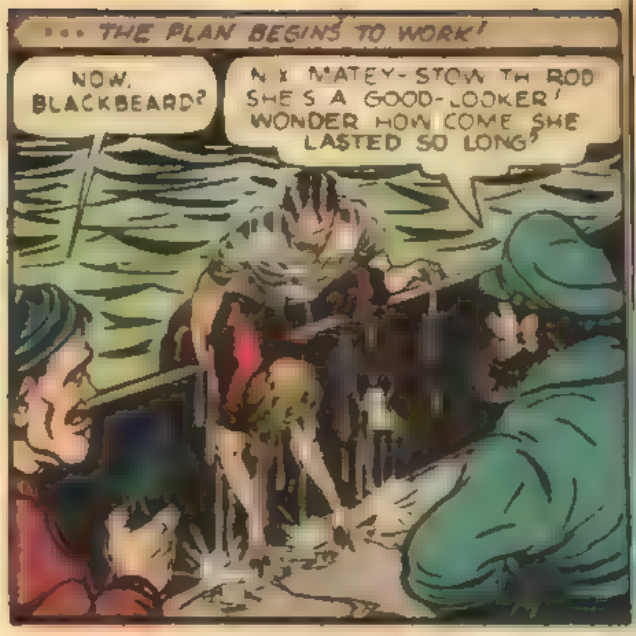
HO-HO-HO!!! YE GOT 'EM, ME LADS! WE'RE ***RICH!*** ***RICH***, LADS!!!
PEARLS! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS' WORTH!

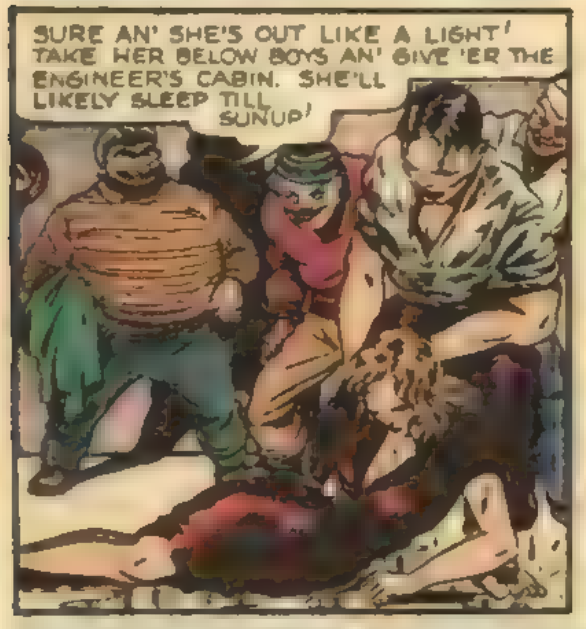
*I WAS **RIGHT**, NAMORA!* LISTEN, NOW— I'VE GOT A PLAN··· ONLY, LETS GET BACK TO SHORE FIRST!
CAREFUL THEY DON'T SEE YOU!


THREE MINUTES LATER ···
BETTY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'LL LIVE— BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

A SLIGHT CASE OF ***MASS-MURDER!*** NOW, I WANT YOU TO SWIM OUT TO THE SCENE OF THE WRECK AND SCREAM FOR HELP. I'VE A HUNCH THEY'LL TAKE YOU ABOARD, BUT I'LL BE ON HAND IN CASE THEY TRY TO KILL YOU— LEARN AS MUCH AS YOU CAN ABOUT WHOEVER'S RUNNING THIS SHOW— AND, IF YOU GET INTO TROUBLE, TRY TO DIVE OVER-BOARD. WE'LL BE WATCHING!

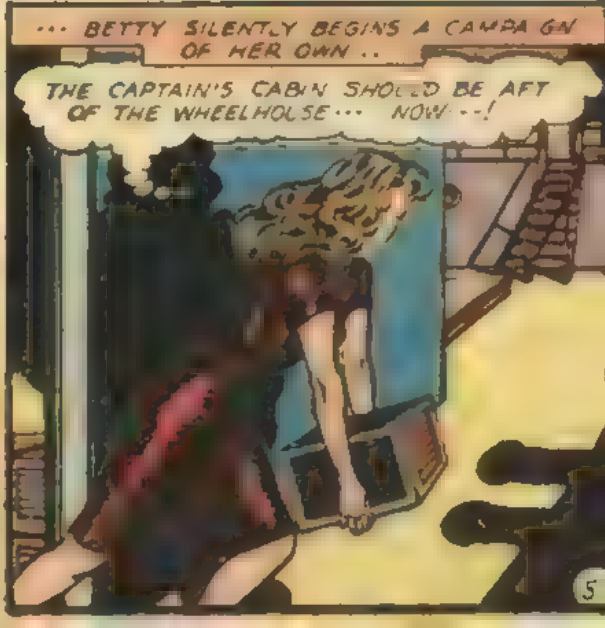
BETTY FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS AND-
HEY! THERE'S ONE WE MISSED! SHALL I....?
HELP!
I'LL GET 'ER!


... THE PLAN BEGINS TO WORK!
NOW, BLACKBEARD?
N'X MATEY- STOW TH' ROD SHE'S A GOOD-LOOKER! WONDER HOW COME SHE LASTED SO LONG?


SURE AN' SHE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT! TAKE HER BELOW BOYS AN' GIVE 'ER THE ENGINEER'S CABIN. SHE'LL LIKELY SLEEP TILL SUNUP!

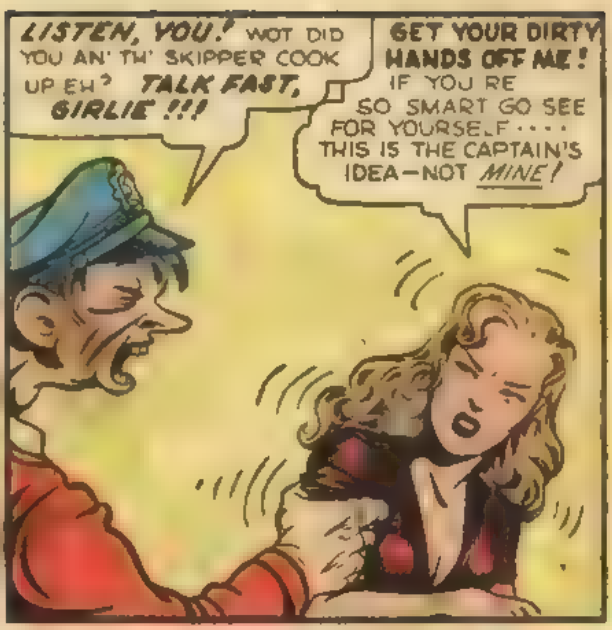
... AND, AS THE SEAMEN CARRY HER OFF BETTY CAREFULLY NOTES THE LOCATION OF THE PEARLS.
MYM HMM THAT'LL DO FINE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, WHEN THE SHIP IS QUIET AND THE EXHAUSTED CREW SNORES PEACEFULLY...
GOOD! I COULDN'T ASK FOR A MORE COOPERATIVE GUARD IF I'D BRIBED HIM!
SNORE


... BETTY SILENTLY BEGINS A CAMPAIGN OF HER OWN..
THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN SHOULD BE AFT OF THE WHEELHOUSE... NOW..!

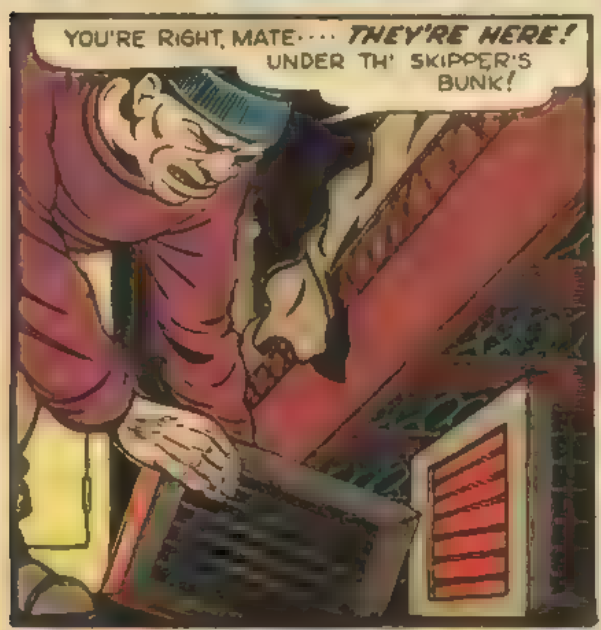
SLEEPING LIKE AN INNOCENT BABE-- BUT JUST HOW INNOCENT YOUR CREW WILL NEVER KNOW, CAPTAIN!
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
HEY, YOUSE! DE SKIPPER WANTS T'SEE YIZ ON DE BRIDGE— GIT MOVING!
OKAY, CHAMBERMAID! CAN'T A GAL HAVE ANY PRIVACY ON THIS TUB?
YOU WANTED TO MAKE MY ACQUAINTANCE, BIG BOY?
NMMM! KINDA CHIPPER THIS MORNIN', AINTCHA, BABY? JUST HOW MUCH DO YE KNOW ABOUT MY BUSINESS? YE MIGHT AS WELL TELL ME---
ALMOST ENOUGH TO SATISFY ME, HANDSOME! BUT WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU THAT I COULD DOUBLE YOUR FORTUNE? WHAT KIND OF A DEAL WILL YOU OFFER ME IF I TELL YOU THAT THE CULLIHAN DIAMOND IS ON THE SHIP YOU SANK, AND THAT I CAN LEAD YOU TO IT? MAKE ME A PROPOSITION, PRETTY BOY!
TH' CULLIHAN STONE? IT'S WORTH CLOSE TO A MILLION! GERLIE, YOU AN' ME IS PARTNERS- RIGHT NOW! HOW'S ABOUT A 50-50 SPLIT?
YEA, BUT CAN I TRUST YOU? I WON'T GO DOWN WITH YOU, BUT I'LL TELL YOU JUST WHERE TO FIND IT....
THAT'S OKAY— I'LL DIVE FOR IT MESELF! HEY, YOU! HOLD IT! GIMME THAT SUIT AN' HELMET-- I'M GOIN' BELOW!
HUH?
6

FIVE MINUTES LATER·
SAY WHAT'S GOT NTO THE OLD MAN?
I DON'T LIKE THIS!

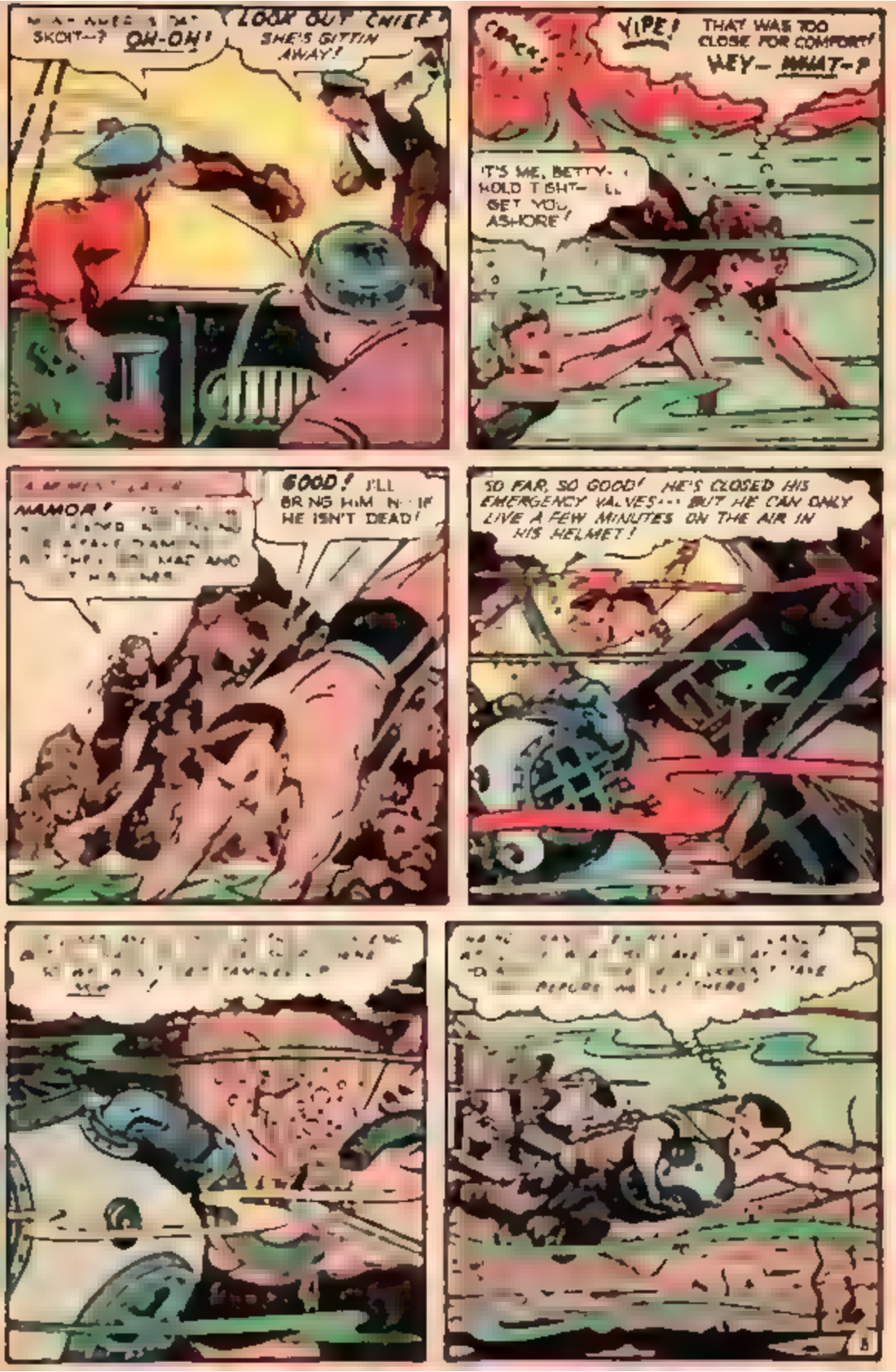

LISTEN, YOU! WOT DID YOU AN' TH' SKIPPER COOK UP EH? TALK FAST, GIRLIE !!!
GET YOUR DIRTY HANDS OFF ME! IF YOU RE SO SMART GO SEE FOR YOURSELF···· THIS IS THE CAPTAIN'S IDEA—NOT MINE!

JEEPERS MATE! THE PEARLS— THEY'RE GONE !!!
WHY, THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING···· !!!

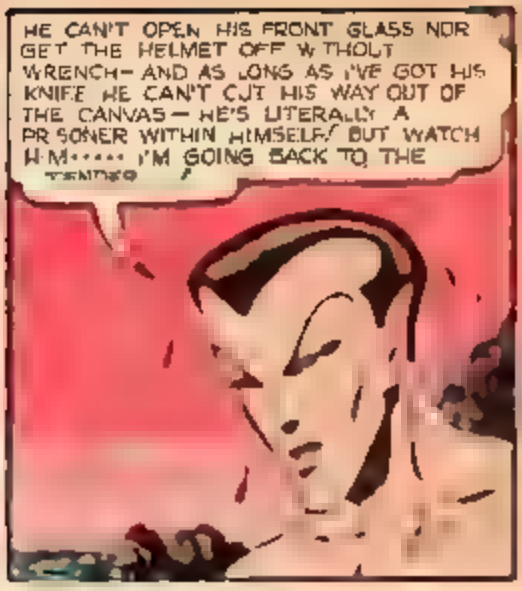
SEARCH THE SHIP!
BARNEY, TAKE A COUPLE OF MEN AN' RANSACK TH' CAP N'S CAB-N··· I GOT A NASTY HUNCH···!

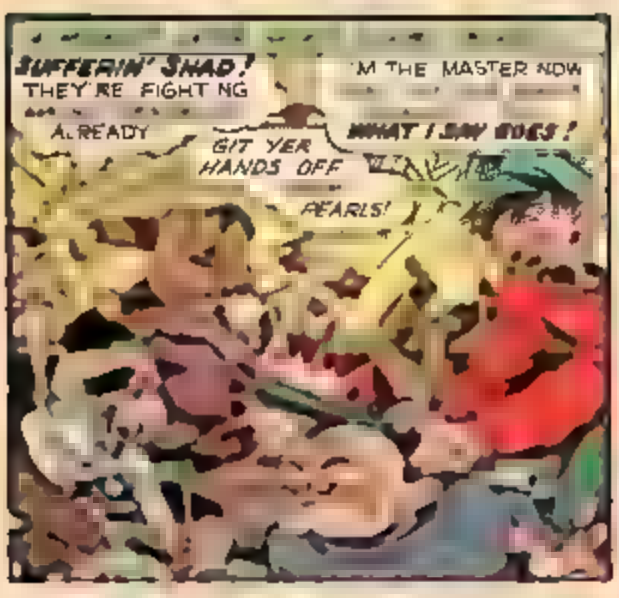

YOU'RE RIGHT, MATE···· THEY'RE HERE! UNDER TH' SKIPPER'S BUNK!

CUT 'IS AIR HOSE AN' LIFE-LINE !!!
TH' YELLOW-BELLIED, BACK-BITIN', DOUBLE-CROSSER'S TRYIN' TO BEAT US OUTA OUR SHARE··· BUT HE'LL PAY FOR IT !!!
7


SKOIT—? OH-OH!
LOOK OUT CHIEF SHE'S GITTIN AWAY!
CRACK
YIPE!
THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
HEY— WHAT—?
IT'S ME, BETTY— HOLD TIGHT— I'LL GET YOU ASHORE!
NAMOR!
GOOD! I'LL BRING HIM IN— IF HE ISN'T DEAD!
SO FAR, SO GOOD! HE'S CLOSED HIS EMERGENCY VALVES— BUT HE CAN ONLY LIVE A FEW MINUTES ON THE AIR IN HIS HELMET!

ON SHORE BETTY AND NAMORA TAKE OVER
HE'S STILL OUT OPEN HIS AIR-VALVE BUT DON'T TAKE HIS HELMET OFF··· HE CAN HEAR WHAT YOU SAY, SO TELL HIM TO MIND HIS MANNERS, OR YOU'LL LEAVE HIM TO STEW IN HIS OWN JUICE!


HE CAN'T OPEN HIS FRONT GLASS NOR GET THE HELMET OFF WITHOUT WRENCH— AND AS LONG AS I'VE GOT HIS KNIFE HE CAN'T CUT HIS WAY OUT OF THE CANVAS— HE'S LITERALLY A PRISONER WITHIN HIMSELF! BUT WATCH HIM····· I'M GOING BACK TO THE

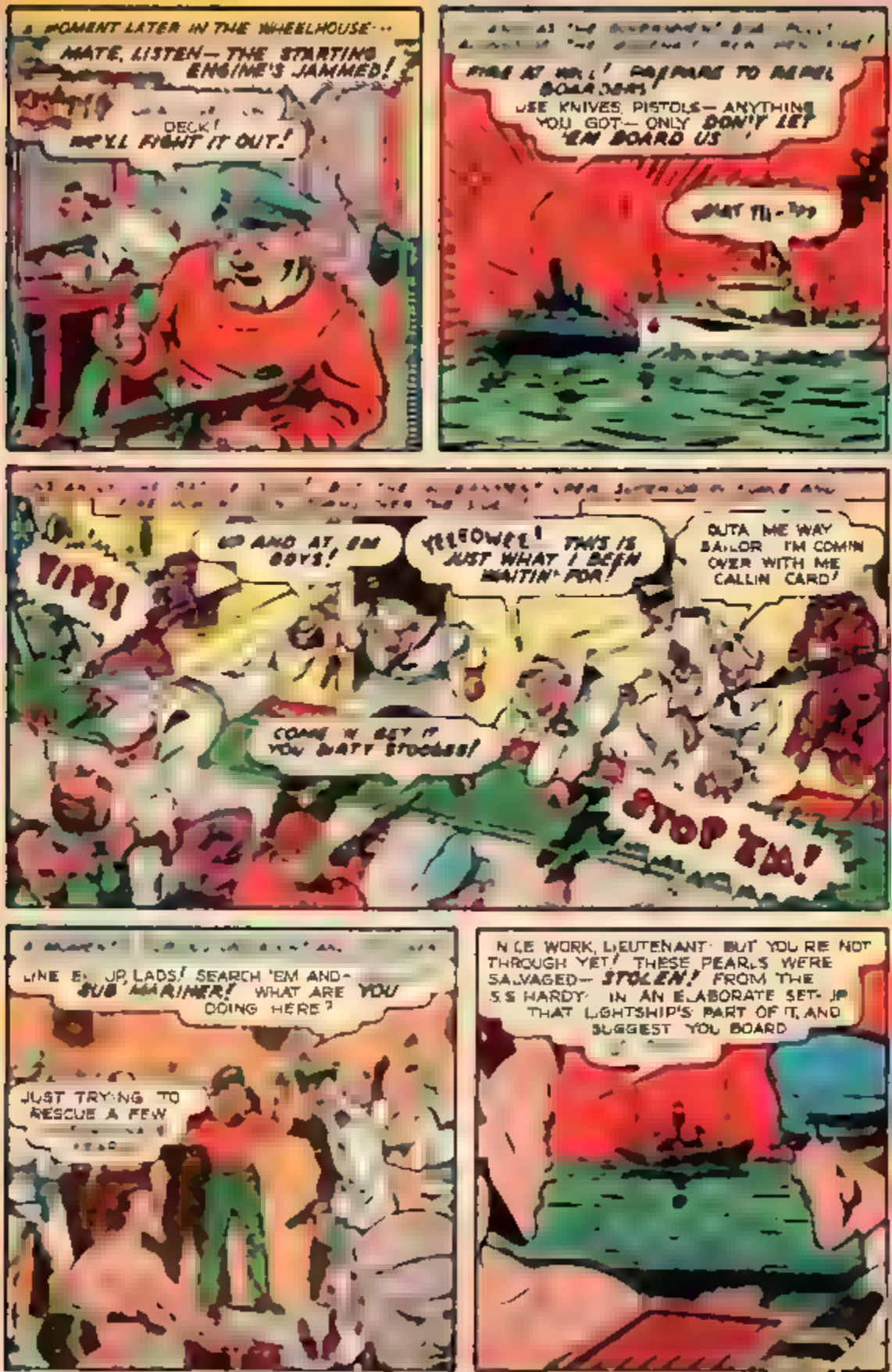

SUFFERIN' SHAD! THEY'RE FIGHTING ALREADY
'M THE MASTER NOW
GIT YER HANDS OFF
WHAT I SAW GOES!
PEARLS!

THAT'S A BREAK! I HADN'T LOOKED FOR! NOW, IF THEY LEAVE ME ALONE LONG ENOUGH···

I CAN GET AN S.O.S. OFF TO THE NEAREST GOVERNMENT STATION! LET'S SEE NOW···· "S.S. HARDY SUNK ON REEF OFF SAN GABRIEL PIRATES —"!

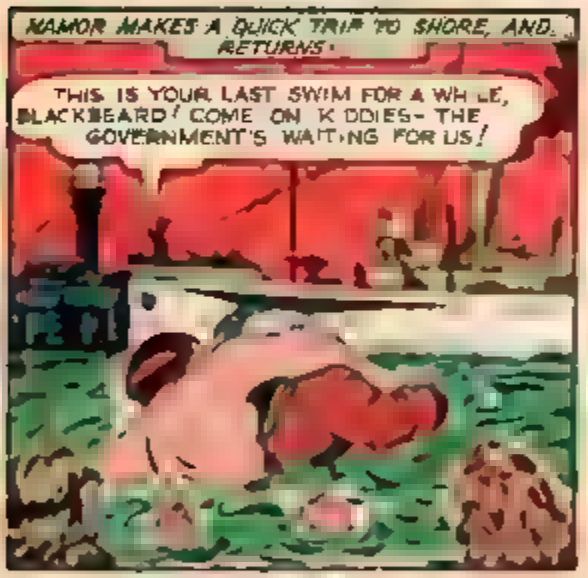
WOT'S 'E DOIN' MESSIN WIT' D' WIRELESS?
I DUNNO, MIKE, BUT LET'S GET RID OF 'IM!

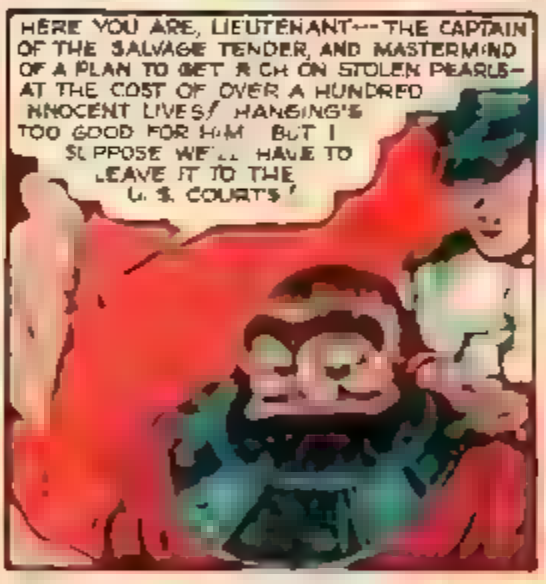
SWIFTLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MELEE NAMOR IS TIED SECURELY TO THE MAST..
HE'LL BE OKAY HERE.. I'LL FIND ME IS LATER!
AT THE RIOT CONTINUES, AND
HOLD STILL AND I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS IN THE SHAKE OF A
I CAN
NOW— TO FOUL THE STARTING ENGINES! THIS'LL DELAY THE GETAWAY- EVEN IF THE ARRIVES ON TIME
HOLD IT MEN— BREAK IT UP! GOVERNMENT AGENTS! ALL HANDS TO STATIONS! WEIGH ANCHOR!

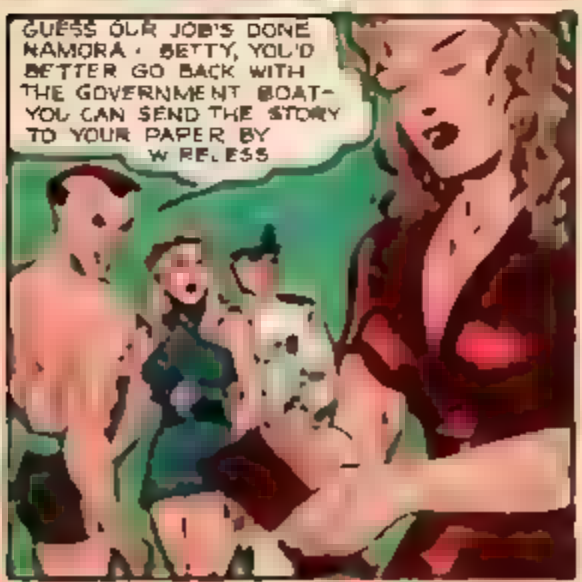

A MOMENT LATER IN THE WHEELHOUSE···
MATE, LISTEN— THE STARTING ENGINE'S JAMMED!
DECK! WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT!
FIRE AT WILL! PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS!
USE KNIVES, PISTOLS— ANYTHING YOU GOT— ONLY DON'T LET 'EM BOARD US!
WHAT TH—?
VIPER!
GO AND GET 'EM BOYS!
YEEOWEE! THIS IS JUST WHAT I BEEN WAITIN' FOR!
OUTA ME WAY SAILOR I'M COMIN OVER WITH ME CALLIN CARD!
COME N GET IT YOU BATTY STOOGES!
STOP 'EM!
LINE 'EM UP LADS! SEARCH 'EM AND— SUB MARINER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JUST TRYING TO RESCUE A FEW
NICE WORK, LIEUTENANT· BUT YOU'RE NOT THROUGH YET! THESE PEARLS WERE SALVAGED— STOLEN! FROM THE S.S HARDY· IN AN ELABORATE SET-UP THAT LIGHTSHIP'S PART OF IT, AND I SUGGEST YOU BOARD

GET 'EM BOARD!
TOO LATE MATE!
I-I-I CAN'T! ME RIFLE'S JAMMED!!!
THE LIGHTSHIP CHA

JUST HOLD 'EM ALL HERE TILL I GET BACK---
WELL, I GUESS IT'S YOUR PARTY, SUB-MARINER! ONLY MAKE IT


NAMOR MAKES A QUICK TRIP TO SHORE, AND RETURNS:
THIS IS YOUR LAST SWIM FOR A WHILE, BLACKBEARD! COME ON KODDIES- THE GOVERNMENT'S WAITING FOR US!


HERE YOU ARE, LIEUTENANT--- THE CAPTAIN OF THE SALVAGE TENDER, AND MASTERMIND OF A PLAN TO GET RICH ON STOLEN PEARLS— AT THE COST OF OVER A HUNDRED INNOCENT LIVES! HANGING'S TOO GOOD FOR HIM BUT I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT TO THE U. S. COURTS!


GUESS OUR JOB'S DONE NAMORA - BETTY, YOU'D BETTER GO BACK WITH THE GOVERNMENT BOAT- YOU CAN SEND THE STORY TO YOUR PAPER BY WIRELESS

NO SENSE HANGING AROUND ANY LONGER - SO LONG, BETTY!
WATCH FOR NAMOR'S ANSWER IN HIS NEXT ADVENTURE!
12
THE END

By KENT B. STILES

Miss AMERICA

CHAPTER 10

"FINAL RECKONING"

THE STORY THUS FAR...

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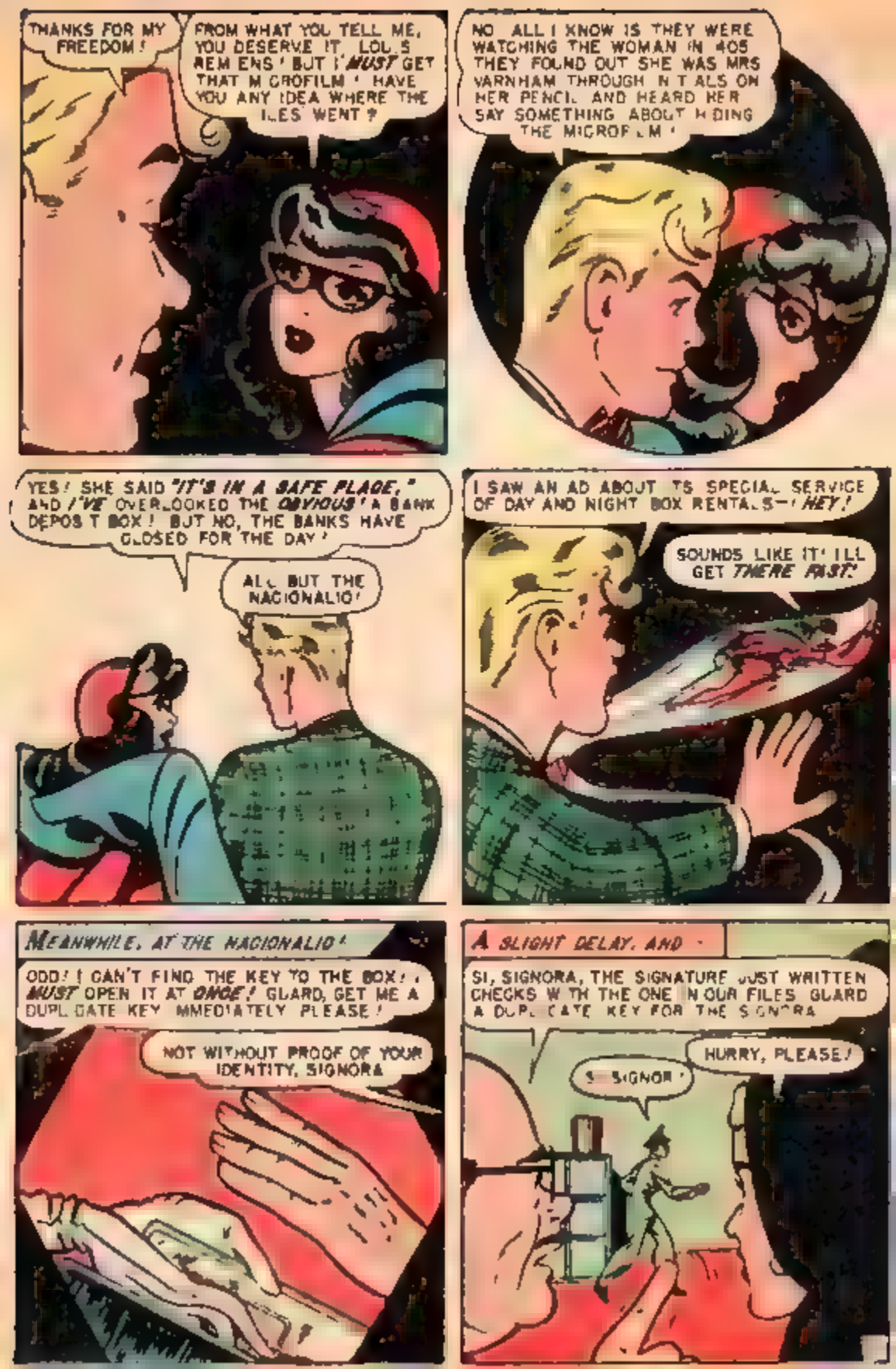
THANKS FOR MY FREEDOM!
FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME, YOU DESERVE IT, LOUIS REMENS! BUT I MUST GET THAT MICROFILM! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE THE FILES WENT?
NO! ALL I KNOW IS THEY WERE WATCHING THE WOMAN IN 405 THEY FOUND OUT SHE WAS MRS VARNHAM THROUGH INITIALS ON HER PENCIL AND HEARD HER SAY SOMETHING ABOUT HIDING THE MICROFILM!
YES! SHE SAID "IT'S IN A SAFE PLACE," AND I'VE OVERLOOKED THE OBVIOUS! A BANK DEPOSIT BOX! BUT NO, THE BANKS HAVE CLOSED FOR THE DAY!
ALL BUT THE NACIONALIO!
I SAW AN AD ABOUT ITS SPECIAL SERVICE OF DAY AND NIGHT BOX RENTALS—HEY!
SOUNDS LIKE IT! I'LL GET THERE FAST!
MEANWHILE, AT THE NACIONALIO!
ODD! I CAN'T FIND THE KEY TO THE BOX! I MUST OPEN IT AT ONCE! GUARD, GET ME A DUPLICATE KEY IMMEDIATELY PLEASE!
NOT WITHOUT PROOF OF YOUR IDENTITY, SIGNORA
A SLIGHT DELAY, AND -
SI, SIGNORA, THE SIGNATURE JUST WRITTEN CHECKS WITH THE ONE IN OUR FILES GUARD A DUPLICATE KEY FOR THE SIGNORA
HURRY, PLEASE!
SI SIGNOR!

IT'S EMPTY! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

YES, WHEN I WAS TALKING TO ELISE, THAT SOUND WE HEARD! NOW I KNOW! IT WAS THE WINDOW! SOMEONE CLIMBED FROM THE LEDGE INTO THE BEDROOM! MY PURSE WAS THERE,! BUT WHO!

242 252 243 253 25 245

SOMEONE STOLE MY KEY AND ROBBED MY DEPOSIT BOX! DO YOU REMEMBER A WOMAN, SOMEONE, GOING TO BOX 244 BEFORE THIS? I MUST RECOVER MY LOST PROPERTY!

YOU WON'T DO THE RECOVERING, FOR I'M RETIRING YOU!

NO! NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME, MISS AMERICA!

I SAW THAT MOVE COMING! SHE WON'T GET AWAY!

OOOOO

AN INSTANT RECOVERY!

HA HA! A R NGER!

OH!

AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT --- MISS AMERICA HAS HER PRISONER IN TOW AS THE POLICE ARRIVE!

TAKE THIS WOMAN INTO CUSTODY ON THE CHARGE OF ESPIONAGE, OFFICERS! THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WILL WANT HER FOR TRIAL!

SI, SIGNORA!

THINK BACK! THE STOLEN PROPERTY CAN SHATTER THE WORLD EVEN FASTER THAN ATOM BOMBS! WHO WENT TO THAT BOX?

SO MANY PEOPLE IN AND OUT, ALL DAY!

I REMEMBER! A STOUT, MIDDLE-AGED, BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN W.TH A BLUE COAT!

THAT FITS MRS. ILES TO A "T"! HMM, SHE PROBABLY CAME IN A CAB! I'LL CHECK ON IT!

SEVERAL INQUIRIES AT HACKSTANDS, AND THEN...

SIGNORA WITH THE BLUE COAT? I DROVE HER AND A MAN FROM THE NACIONALIO ABOUT EIGHT MILES OUT — THE BERNADINO ROAD! THEY GOT OUT THERE. I THOUGHT THAT VERY STRANGE!

THEY DIDN'T WANT THEIR EXACT DESTINATION KNOWN!

MISS AMERICA QUICKLY TAKES TO THE AIR!

SNAP!

I'LL HEAD RIGHT OUT THERE AND HAVE A LOOK!

SHARP EYES SEARCHING, REVEAL...

THERE'S A VERY SECLUDED OLD HOUSE. HMMM! THOSE MEN DOWN THERE! THEY LOOK LIKE THE ILES' HENCHMEN! YES, THIS IS THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT!

WHILE INSIDE THE TREE-SHROUDED HOUSE...

---YES, THE FORMULA IS GENUINE. MY EXPERTS HAVE CHECKED ON THE MICROFILM! LET US NOW CONCLUDE THIS TRANSACTION!

$250,000, MR. "M"!

HERE YOU ARE! ITS ALL IN NEGOTIABLE BONDS, SECURITIES AND CASH. NOW GO QUICKLY AND FORGET ME, EVEN AS "MR M". WISH TO KEEP MY IDENTITY A SECRET!

SUDDENLY!

WHY SO SECRET? LET'S GET ACQUAINTED! STICK AROUND, YOU TWO! I'VE ALREADY TIED UP YOUR TWO THUGS OUTSIDE!

YOU! WE'LL STOP YOU!

WELL, WELL, A GOOSE-STEPPING ARMY!

...WITH A COOKED GOOSE!

BUT!

I'M STILL TO BE RECKONED WITH, ***MISS AMERICA!*** WE SPOTTED YOUR EVERY MOVE FROM THE CASA DE LUTRIO! I KNEW YOU WOULD LEAD US TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

AHHH! THE MICROFILM! MINE, AT LAST! AND NO ONE WILL TRY TO TAKE IT NOW! YOU MEN, SHOOT THESE PEOPLE BEFORE THEY REVIVE!

OKAY, BOSS!

AS THE EXECUTIONERS RAISE DEADLY WEAPONS. THEY ARE MYSTERIOUSLY SHOT DOWN!

NEXT MOMENT, **MISS AMERICA** RECOVERS FROM THE CRASHING BLOW, TO SEE . . .

BANNING! COUNTERSPIES! HOW DID **YOU...?**

WE'LL EXPLAIN LATER! YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB, **MISS AMERICA!**

IN THE MELEE OF THE ROUND-UP . .

OHH, THE BIG MYSTERY FISH IS RUNNING OUT OF THE NET! CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!

THE SINISTER MR "M" RACES TOWARD A MONOPLANE, WHEN . . .

. . TWO PAIRS OF HANDS, WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT OF CAPTURE!

PETER! THEN **YOU** HURLED THE OTHER DRUM!

RIGHT! THE MOMENT I SAW HIM I RECOGNIZED THE MURDERER OF MY SISTER AND PARENTS! THE NAZI BUTCHER, **GENERAL KESSELWOLFE!**

IN A SHORT TIME . . .

NOW THAT YOU ARE ALL ROUNDED UP, HOW COME YOU TWO NAZIS OPPOSED EACH OTHER IN YOUR ATTEMPT TO GET THE MICROFILM?

BECAUSE I AM NO NAZI!

IN THE WAR I FOUGHT WITH THE NAZIS, HAVING NO CHOICE! BUT MY NON-MILITARY TITLE IS BARON, OF PRUSSIAN NOBILITY! WE OF THE PEERAGE ARE THE REAL SUPER-GERMANS, THE ONES FITTED FOR WORLD DOMINATION! THE NAZI LEADERS WERE THE UNCOUTH

UNCOUTH? YOU PRUSSIAN PIG!

"GENTLEMEN" DON'T QUIBBLE! THERE'S REALLY NO DIFFERENCE! ALL YOU RUTHLESS SCHEMERS FOR WORLD DOMINATION WERE OF ONE ROTTEN PIECE!

*WHEN, SOMETIME LATER, **MISS AMERICA** RETURNS TO COUNTERSPY HEADQUARTERS.*

YOU DID A MAGNIFICENT JOB, WHAT WITH BANNING SAFE, THE DREADED MICROFILM SAFE IN OUR HANDS, AS WELL AS THE EXPOSE LIST OF ESCAPED NAZI AGENTS! IN ROUNDING THEM UP, ONE OF THEM TURNED OUT TO BE HANS LUDWIG, NAZI CREATOR OF THE SUN-RAY CONDENSER LUDWIG'S BEEN LIVING IN NEW YORK AS A REFUGEE HE GOT THE MICROFILM TO MRS VARNHAM, WHO PROMISED TO GET IT TO THE NAZI BUNCH! INSTEAD, SHE PLANNED TO SELL IT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

CUT-THROATS, ALL OF THEM! BUT, CHIEF, HOW DID YOUR MEN GET ON MY TRAIL, COMING TO KESSELWOLFE'S?

BY YOUR CABLE TO PICK UP MRS VARNHAM! WE KNEW YOU'D PICKED UP SOMETHING HOT, SO BANNING HAD THE BOYS IN BUENOS AIRES CHECKING HOTELS FOR MRS. VARNHAM. BUT THEY RAN INTO PETER, OR RATHER LOUIS REMIENS, WHO TIPPED US OFF TO THE NACIONALIO! YOU KNOW THE REST!

I SEE! AND, CHIEF, THE MICROFILM?

WE'VE LOCKED THE MICROFILM AWAY, FOR KEEPS, WE HOPE!

SO DO I, BECAUSE [redacted] ***PEACE FOR GOOD AND ALL*** IS WHAT WE ***MUST HAVE,*** OR CIVILIZATION WILL BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED! AND CHIEF, WHO WANTS TO START ALL OVER AGAIN LIKE ADAM!

THE END

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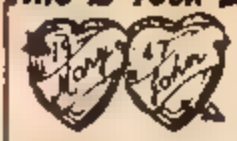
WHO IS YOUR BEST FRIEND SWEETHEART?



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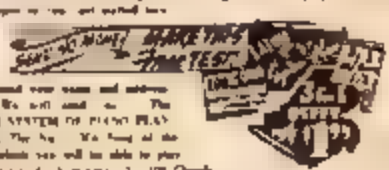

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CLEARED IN ONE SHORT WEEK

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Just mail your name and address to Berry Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 267, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, may interest you to know that up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

ONCE A SOLDIER . . .

STAFF sergeant Lindstrom checked over his roster sheet and found his detail fully accounted for. He grunted once, then turned in the list to the officer at the desk. From the absolute silence outside, one would never know that thirty veterans were about to be discharged. No joyous shouts or grins were passed around; instead, there were a few wagging tails and an occasional snort. The last dogs of the K-9 Corps in this sector were quite unconcerned about it all.

The officer said, "No question about their detraining?"

Lindstrom shook his head. "No, sir. They were a hard lot to break back to civilian life, but they're okay now. Guess we can close the station up."

Captain Telly grinned. Yes, the station could close. This last batch were the toughies, the most difficult to detrain. He sighed in relief and closed the folder. "You can crate the dogs now, Sergeant. See that they are all tagged. We don't want any returns, you know." Lindstrom smiled grimly, saluted sharply and left the office.

That was three days ago. The express truck, loaded into a top heavy position with assorted packages, rounded the mountain curve too fast and the huge German shepherd dog in the crate on the tailboard rolled to the side and sniffed in anxiety. He didn't like this confinement, the uneasy feeling of insecurity on a rickety old van. He had been on many a trip before, but always there were men around smelling of gun oil and leather, with a friendly pat and a smile for him. His former life of romping in a back yard was obscured now, a vaguely remembered feeling that there can be other pleasures, too. Another bump and Pete climbed to his feet, sniffing through the slats, worry wrinkles showing on his brow.

They were well founded. The truck rounded a bend with tires screaming and two crates flew off and smashed into the shoulder of the road Pete picked himself out of the wreckage, favoring a front paw. The truck was out of sight, unaware of its lost cargo. The dog sniffed the other package, a box of tinned goods, ignored them and climbed to the highway. Instinctively, he began a limping trot after the truck. Around the bend a town came into view, nestled between the elbows of twin ridges. Pete saw the truck by-pass the town and lose itself on the winding road

Callahan, the owner of the hardware store, pushed the door open. "Your dog, sheriff?" he asked. The heavy set man with the revolver at his waist shook his head.

"Not mine. He's been out there all morning now. Want him?"

"Uh-uh. He looks vicious. Belongs to somebody, though. Got a tag on his neck." Pete stuck his nose in the door and wagged his tail. That day he began making friends in the town of Calvin. Somebody saw the number tattooed in his ear and knew that he was a vet. The evening paper carried a note in a humorous tone that a former soldier had moved to town. Storekeepers saw to it that he had a bone and plenty of food, and always there was a refreshing drink of cool pump water waiting for him outside the sheriff's office.

But as dogs will, he began to roam, finding new fields, new playmates. He was seen all over the country. That started his undoing. Charlie Walker stomped into the sheriff's office one afternoon, his face a black thunder cloud.

"Sheriff," he growled, "that dog you got around here has got to be shot. He's killing my sheep."

"Aw, Charlie, lay off, will you? Right now I have a report on some killers headed this way and have to patrol the roads. Besides, how do you know he did it?"

"I saw him in the fields. Later when I went out there was blood on the ground and a trail leading to the woods where he dragged the carcass."

The sheriff talked Charlie out of his anger, but that was only the beginning. Others came in. First it was chickens, then more sheep. One hill farmer lost a calf. Between the killers that were supposed to be in hiding in the county and the dog, Sheriff Dale was at his wit's end. Those who saw Peter roaming took a shot at him, but bullets were nothing new to him. He went into a crouch and slunk off, knowing that his former friends had turned against him. Rarely was he seen near town these days.

Twelve o'clock Saturday afternoon Sheriff Dale was about to close the office. The phone blared on its cradle. Wearily, the sheriff picked it up. "Hello, Sheriff Dale speaking."

"Sheriff, this is Charlie Walker." The voice was furious. "I have two more dead sheep on my hands again and I just saw that dog trotting off into the woods. Either you come up and flush him out or I'll see to it that you don't get re-elected next year!"

With that he hung up. The time for action had arrived and Dale didn't like his job at all. But, if the dog was a killer, he had to go. He picked up his gun and walked out to the car.

Charlie showed him the bloody trails and left him there. Slowly, he began to follow them, when his heart began to hammer inside his chest. Those sheep had been killed and dragged, all right, but whoever did the dragging was walking in front of the carcass, which was something a dog *couldn't* do! Not only that, but the thief was careful enough to try to cover his tracks, only he wasn't an expert at the job. Clearly outlined in the soil was the print of a man's heel. He was at the tree line before he knew it, his gun clenched in his fist.

It was quite plain now. He could see the reason behind the dead animals. He stumbled through the brush, branches ripping at his clothes, following the trail. It caught up with him in a small clearing. There was a shot, another, and two men ran toward him shouting as they came. Dale emptied his pistol, tugging bullets from his belt to reload. One of the men grabbed his chest and fell.

Dale was punching the empties from the chambers when the bullet kicked the gun out of his hand. He reached for it, but a voice snarled at him. "One more inch and I'll blow your head off!" The sheriff turned. He should have grabbed for the gun anyway. The unshaven guy in front of him was going to kill him whether he reached or not.

The gun came up, slowly, taking deliberate aim at the sheriff. A wicked snarl came from the grass, a lean, brown body detached itself from the ground and flew into the man, teeth sinking into flesh. With a scream the man dropped the gun, trying to beat the snapping form of Pete off him. Somehow he wrenched a knife from his pocket with his good hand. Metal flashed in the light, but the blade never landed.

Pete was in action again. It was war and he knew the enemy. Things that he had been taught not to do came back with a rush. His teeth bared, grabbed a throat and the war was over. Pete crawled to Sheriff Dale and licked his hand. Grinning, Dale patted him on the head in unspoken praise. Those killers . . . they were the ones who butchered the animals for food while they hid out in the woods. They'd butcher no more!

The paper tried to give Dale all the credit, but he would have none of it. Charlie, and a dozen others apologized with bones to Pete, and he accepted them gratefully. Yes, Pete was a killer, but a soldier killer. He couldn't be kept in a house, that was out. But when the question of Pete came up, Dale had the answer. "Pete," he said, "has a job. I hereby appoint him . . . Deputy Sheriff!"

The motion was carried . . . unanimously!

THE END

MAKE THIS SHOOTING MACHINE GUN!

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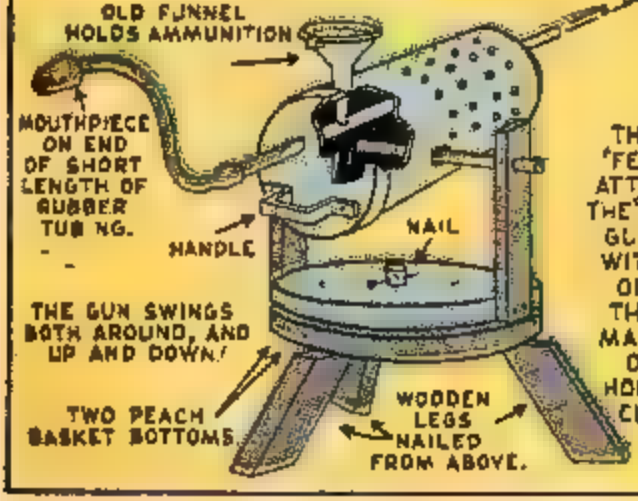
OLD FUNNEL HOLDS AMMUNITION
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NAIL
THE GUN SWINGS BOTH AROUND, AND UP AND DOWN!
TWO PEACH BASKET BOTTOMS
WOODEN LEGS NAILED FROM ABOVE.

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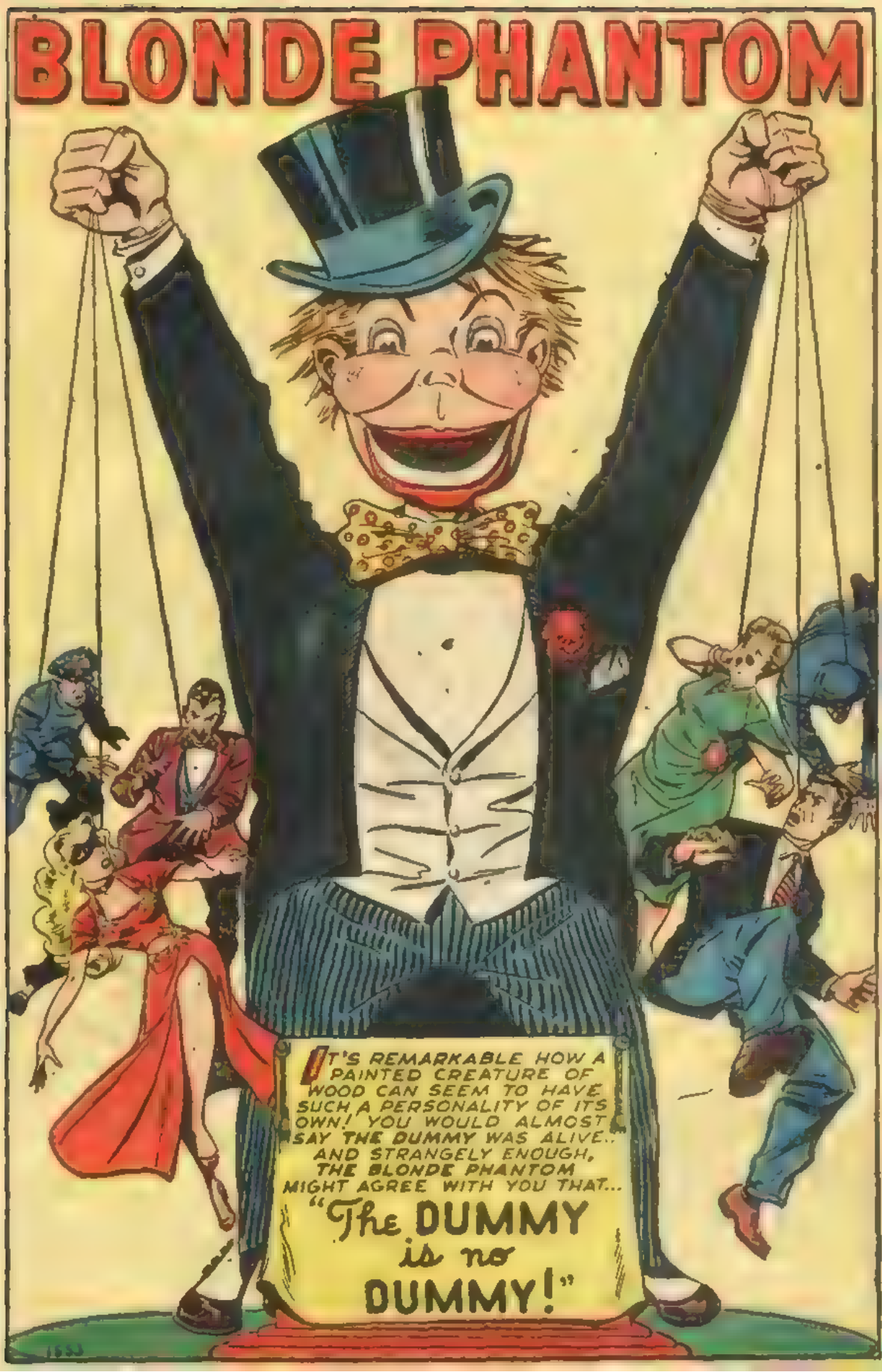
BLONDE PHANTOM
IT'S REMARKABLE HOW A PAINTED CREATURE OF WOOD CAN SEEM TO HAVE SUCH A PERSONALITY OF ITS OWN! YOU WOULD ALMOST SAY THE DUMMY WAS ALIVE.. AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE BLONDE PHANTOM MIGHT AGREE WITH YOU THAT...
"The DUMMY is no DUMMY!"
1553

DAILY
CRAVATH JEWELS RECOVERED!
MARK MASON PRIVATE DETECTIVE BRINGS JEWEL THIEVES TO JUSTICE!
AND IN MASON'S OFFICE
AS USUAL, THE PAPERS GIVE ME CREDIT! BUT I'D NEVER HAVE SOLVED THIS CASE WITHOUT YOU, BLONDE PHANTOM!
THANKS MARK! BUT IT'S TIME I WAS LEAVING!
JUST A MINUTE! EVERY TIME A CASE IS OVER YOU SIMPLY DISAPPEAR INTO THE BLUE! ISN'T IT TIME WE GOT 'BETTER ACQUAINTED?
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
WELL THERE'S A NEW SHOW AT THE LA VIE NIGHT CLUB! OMAR, THE FAMOUS VENTRILOQUIST, AND HIS DUMMY.. HOW ABOUT GOING THERE WITH ME?
WHY NOT? AS HIS SECRETARY, LOUISE GRANT, HE NEVER PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO ME!
IT'S A DATE, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY GOING IN COSTUME?
ALL RIGHT! I DON'T MIND THE GAWKERS IF YOU DON'T!
AT THE SWANK LA VIE NIGHT CLUB..
LOOK WHO'S COMING IN, OMAR! THAT GAL RATES A WHISTLE! HEH--HEH!
SHE EVEN RATES A FIRE-SIREN IN THAT COSTUME! WHAT A GORGEOUS HUNK OF BLONDE MAPLE! HEH-HEH!
2

I TOLD YOU- YOU WERE BOUND TO ATTRACT ATTENTION IN THAT COSTUME!
I DON'T MIND! AND THE DUMMY IS FUNNY... TOO BAD HIS ACT IS ALMOST OVER!
THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS! THE DUMMY AND I WILL RETURN FOR THE MIDNIGHT SHOW!
CLAP!
CLAP!
AS OMAR DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE CURTAINS. THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND...
HELP! MY BRACELET!
WHAT'S THAT?
AND MY NECKLACE HAS BEEN STOLEN TOO!
THERE GOES THE THIEF NOW!
HE CAME IN HERE!
OMAR! SO YOU'RE THE THIEF!
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I'VE BEEN BACKSTAGE SINCE I FINISHED MY ACT!
HMMM!
THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME!
13

OMAR COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN PLAIN VIEW ALL THE TIME! BECAUSE SOMEWHERE OR OTHER HE FOUND A PLACE TO GET RID OF HIS DUMMY!
LATER..
I WANT ANOTHER TALK WITH HIM, PRIVATELY! IF HE DIDN'T STEAL THOSE JEWELS, I'VE A HUNCH THAT HE KNOWS WHO DID!
VOICES!
NEXT TIME BE MORE CAREFUL! WE WERE NEARLY CAUGHT TONIGHT!
JUST LET ME HANDLE THIS, CHUM!..WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A DUMMY?
OMAR HAD A HELPER! HE'S IN THERE WITH HIM NOW!
I CAUGHT BOTH OF YOU THIS TIME..ER
YOU AGAIN! ARE YOU STILL SNOOPING AROUND?
SURELY YOU CANNOT SUSPECT A POOR LITTLE CREATURE OF PAINT AND WOOD?
OOOHH!
NO ONE IS IN HERE BUT ME AND THE DUMMY!
I KNOW I HEARD TWO OF YOU! WHERE IS THE OTHER MAN?

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH HER DUMMY?
SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH NOW! WE'LL KILL HER AND FEED HER BODY TO...
KNOCK KNOCK
SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!
DON'T GET EXCITED! LOCK HER IN THAT CABINET! WE CAN ATTEND TO HER LATER!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I AM MRS CALVERT'S CHAUFFEUR! SHE SAW YOUR PERFORMANCE, AND WANTS YOUR ACT FOR HER CHARITY BALL! SHE'LL PAY ANYTHING YOU ASK!
LEAD THE WAY CHUM! I ALWAYS PINED FOR A LOOK AT MRS. CALVERT. AND IT'S TIME I CEDAR HEH-HEH!
HUH?
FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT THE DUMMY WAS ACTUALLY TALKING! THIS WAY, PLEASE!
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, DUMMY!
YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE THE BLONDE PHANTOM IN OUR DRESSING ROOM!
THE BLONDE PHANTOM CAN'T GET AWAY! SHE'LL SUFFOCATE IN THAT CABINET!
AND AT THIS MOMENT...
I CAN'T BUDGE IT! I'M LOCKED IN! AND—AND I CAN'T BREATHE!

THE BLONDE PHANTOM'S FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE ONLY FURTHER EXHAUST THE OXYGEN WITHIN HER NARROW PRISON!
GASP! LOOKS LIKE--- THIS---IS--- FINISH! WHAT A QUEER--- WAY TO DIE...
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAPPENED?
I MUST HAVE TOUCHED A HIDDEN SPRING, AND THE CABINET GAVE WAY!
THAT DRESSING ROOM MUST HAVE BEEN USED BY A STAGE MAGICIAN! AND THAT CABINET WAS USED IN ONE OF HIS DISAPPEARING TRICKS! ONLY THIS TIME IT SAVED MY LIFE!
I OVERHEARD OMAR ACCEPT AN INVITATION TO THE CALVERT BALL! I'LL INVITE MYSELF ALONG TOO! BUT I BETTER HURRY!
HEY! COME BACK HERE!
HE MUST BE ONE OF THE COPS INVESTIGATING THE NIGHT CLUB ROBBERY! NO TIME TO TELL HIM I'M TRYING TO PREVENT ANOTHER ONE!
BESIDES I DON'T MIND BEING CHASED! ARRIVING WITH A POLICE ESCORT WILL JUST MAKE MY JOB EASIER!
SCREECH

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE NIGHT CLUB
THE BLONDE PHANTOM'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME! I'D BETTER
AREN'T YOU MARK MASON?
THE POLICE HAVEN'T FOUND THE MEN WHO STOLE MY JEWELRY! I'LL PAY YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO RECOVER THEM FOR ME!
YOU'VE JUST HIRED YOURSELF A DETECTIVE!
THIS TIME I CAN'T RELY ON THE BLONDE PHANTOM FOR HELP! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE SHE IS!
MEANWHILE AT THE CALVERT CHARITY BALL, OMAR AND THE DUMMY HAVE JUST CONCLUDED THEIR PERFORMANCE.
OH, HE'S A DARLING!
THANK THE WOMAN FOR HER COMPLIMENT! THAT'S A GOOD BOY!
SURE, I'LL THANK HER! AND I'LL TAKE ALONG THIS LITTLE BAUBLE AS A KEEPSAKE! HEH HEH! I'M NO DUMMY!
SUDDENLY!
YOUR ACT IS REALLY OVER NOW! GIVE BACK THAT NECKLACE! AND HAND OVER THE JEWELRY YOU STOLE AT THE LA VIE NIGHT CLUB!
BLONDE PHANTOM!
BEAT IT, OMAR! I'LL PLUG THE DAME!
MISSED!
EEEEEK! HE'S ALIVE!
7

AS OMAR IS LEAVING, THE POLICE ARRIVE!
COPS!
HOLD ON! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I AM GETTING OUT OF HERE!
WHY NOT STAY AWHILE? YOU'RE AWFULLY POPLAR!
OOOOF!
I SAW HIM RUNNING WITH MY OWN EYES! IS HE ALIVE?
UNDER THAT DISGUISE YOU'LL FIND A VERY REAL LITTLE MIDGET, WITH A FONDNESS FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S JEWELRY!
IT'S REALLY QUITE AN OLD TRICK PRETENDING TO BE AN AUTOMATON, BUT THE "DUMMY" WAS A MASTER OF THE ART!
HERE ARE THE JEWELS! WE'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT HIM IF WE WEREN'T CHASING YOU FOR TAKING THAT MOTORCYCLE!
GIVE MARK MASON THE CREDIT! I WAS JUST.. UH... WORKING FOR HIM ON THIS CASE!
LATER, IN MARK MASON'S OFFICE...
A CHECK FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
THE BLONDE PHANTOM SOLVED THE CASE, BUT SHE LETS YOU COLLECT THE REWARD! NOT A BAD EVENING'S WORK! MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE HER OUT MORE OFTEN!
THE END

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